

NEW GERMAN BLOW AT VERDUN—LIFE SENTENCE ON SPY IN LONDON

The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1917

One Penny.

RUMANIA'S KING AT THE FRONT.

NOT NOSEBAGS, BUT MASKS—PROTECTING THE HORSES AGAINST THE HUNS' POISON GAS.



King Ferdinand of Rumania, who is continually at the front, leaving the headquarters of one of his commanding officers. He has often been in danger, and it will be noticed that he is wearing a steel helmet.



French Army horses wearing masks, which look at first sight like nosebags. They are placed on the animals when they have to cross a gas zone in drawing the shell wagons to the batteries.

THE ALLEGED POISON PLOT—A DESCENDANT OF MAHOMED TO DEFEND THE WHEELDONS.



Alfred Mason.



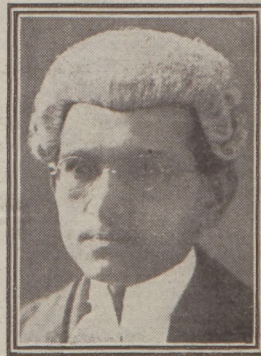
Mrs. Mason.



Hetty Wheeldon.



Mrs. Wheeldon.



Mr. S. H. Riza.

To-day, at the Old Bailey, Mrs. Wheeldon, her daughters, Hetty Wheeldon and Mrs. Mason, and her son-in-law, Alfred Mason, will be placed on trial on a charge of conspiring to kill Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Arthur Henderson. Mr. S. H. Riza, counsel

for the defendants, is one of the most interesting personalities at the English Bar. He is a direct descendant of Mahomed and of the King Sofavides of Persia, and a few years ago the Revolutionists invited him to claim the throne.

"PREPARE FOR NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN."

"No Prospect of Speedy Victory"—Mr. Churchill.

CALL FOR SECRET SESSION

Mr. Bonar Law Explains Why We Remain at Salonika.

"It will be foolish not to prepare for a 1918 campaign. We have no right to count on the war turning decisively in our favour this year.

"We can make a certainty of 1918, but it can only be done by making preparations now. Do not let us always be behind the march of events."

Thus spoke Mr. Churchill in a war debate last night in the House of Commons.

Mr. George Lambert opened the debate by asking whether it would not be better to withdraw 10,000 men from Salonika than from agriculture.

A LARGER ARMY.

Mr. Churchill said the Army at Salonika was a factor in our military arrangements, which touched not only the man-power and tonnage problems, but affected both problems to a very marked degree.

There was no reason to believe that these conditions would lose anything of their force in 1917 or 1918.

We should steadily require to use a larger Army, with a tonnage which would steadily diminish.

The problem was one of the greatest complexity and gravity, and involved honour as well as military and diplomatic questions. They had to consider Mr. Venizelos.

He advocated the policy of secret sessions, which would enable the House to bring fuller and more careful examination of these matters than had hitherto been possible.

He pleaded for India being allowed to play a larger part in the war. The enormous man-power of India was practically untouched.

It was not possible to secure the result we desired from attrition. The balance of forces in the fighting front was not such as to offer any prospect of a speedy victory.

Unless a decisive and final blow could be struck it was better to develop our resources which were behind the lines enormously in favour of the Allies until the moment came when a decisive blow could be struck.

"AN EVASIVE FELLOW."

Mr. Dillon charged the Government with putting pressure on Rumania to enter the war, and read a letter published in some German newspapers, which was alleged to have been written to Sir George Buchanan by Lord Hardinge.

Passages in this letter said:—

"I shall be satisfied till I see Rumania's declaration. Bratiano is one of the most evasive of fellows. Even now he is attempting to wriggle out on the pretext that our defensive is not everything he desires.

He must know that Rumania will not obtain the enormous tracts of territory she desires while she does nothing to secure them."

"If," commented Mr. Dillon, "Lord Hardinge wrote that letter, it gave a most appalling idea of operations of the Foreign Office."

Mr. Macpherson agreed with Mr. Churchill that there was a strong case for a secret session.

If the Government was pressed to give its views on this question of high policy connected with the Salonika campaign they might very likely be given in secret session.

With regard to the letter read by Mr. Dillon, he thought any member of the Irish Party ought to read a doubtful letter with very considerable hesitation.

In any case, it was a private letter, and he should have liked to have asked Mr. Dillon if he had the permission of Lord Hardinge to read the letter.

An Hon. Member: It was published broadcast.

"FOE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

Mr. Macpherson said it was never published in the Press of this country.

On the subject of man-power he stated that in France we had a fine battalion of native troops. It was hoped to increase them enormously from all parts of the Empire.

The War Office were laying their plans well ahead.

Mr. R. McNeill expressed the opinion that the Salonika theatre of war was second to none in importance.

We might win a great victory in the west, but if we left Germany free to pursue her arms in the east she might be content to pay the price of a defeat in the west.

Mr. Bonar Law said it was impossible for the Government to give any indication at all as to their intentions with regard to the war.

The Germans would very much like to know whether the force at Salonika was to be used for the offensive or defensive.

We were engaged in the war with many Allies, and the war policy as a whole could not be decided by the policy of this Government alone, even if we agreed that a particular policy was a mistake it might not be possible to act otherwise than we were acting.

We must act in concert with our Allies. We were under obligations which we must fulfil.

If the Salonika Expedition were withdrawn Greece would be open, and the whole Balkan Peninsula would be in the hands of our enemies.

Besides, those who had helped us from the beginning would be at the mercy of our enemies.

He did not think it possible for the House to have a free discussion of the matter even in secret session, which he would be very unwilling to have.

The Salonika operations had been difficult because the Allies had not always taken the same view of the policy to be adopted, but they were now agreed on a common policy, which was to make sure that if the Germans attacked us there we should not run the risk of being attacked from behind.

No threats were used to induce Rumania to enter the war.

SNOW IN LONDON.

Severe Storm Sweeps Over Country—Road Traffic Impeded.

Snow fell heavily in London until a late hour yesterday morning.

Londoners found everything snow-covered when they got up. The snow succumbed early to rain, and not a trace of it was left at noon.

The snowstorm was general.

Considerable snow fell at Dover and in the East Kent district.

There was a very heavy fall of snow in the West Midlands, and road and tramway traffic was impeded. A fuel shortage is causing hardship in many households.

A few snowstorms visited Cleveland and South Durham. The drifts are very deep, and snowploughs are out. There are 2ft. of snow on the local moorlands.

A fierce gale sprung up during the night over Westmorland, and the snow on the roads is drifting and blocking the thoroughfares.

The schools have been closed, and the markets are almost deserted.

A storm of wind and snow visited North Yorkshire, drifts being 2ft. deep.

In the Lothians and Eastern Scotland a severe snowstorm raged all day, the snow lying from 3ft. to 7ft. deep, blocking roads and railways.

TO-DAY'S GREAT TRIAL.

Surprises Expected in Plot Charge at Old Bailey.

Fresh surprises are expected during the trial of a four prisoners concerned in the alleged plot to murder the Premier and Mr. Henderson, two of the five members of the War Cabinet.

The case will be taken by Mr. Justice Low at the Central Criminal Court this morning, and may last at least a week. The prisoners are:—

Alice Wheeldon, aged fifty, 12, Peasvree-road, Derby, second-hand clothes dealer.

Harriett Anna (otherwise Hettie) Wheeldon, aged twenty-seven, her daughter, school teacher.

Winnie Mason, aged thirty, also a school teacher, 172, Millbrook-road, Southampton.

Alfred George Mason, twenty-four, of the same address, her husband, a chemist.

CRISIS IN AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, Monday.—The Federal Government, in consequence of obstructive tactics by the Labourites, has suddenly announced a dissolution of both Houses of the Commonwealth Parliament.

This means the indefinite postponement of the visit of Mr. Hughes and others to England.

TRAGIC DEATH OF OFFICER'S WIFE.

Mrs. Marjory Vernon Warner, widow of the late Captain Herbert Malins Warner, of the East Lancs. Regiment, who was killed in France in November last, died at Preston yesterday from a gunshot wound in the head.

Mr. George Roberts informed Mr. Caradoc Rees in the House of Commons yesterday that it would be impracticable to make arrangements for reduced railway fares to and from holiday resorts during Easter.

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CHANGING THE CLOCKS

Easter Sunday Suggested as First Day of "Summer Time."

CHILDREN'S SLEEPING HOURS.

"Taking the evidence we have received as a whole, we can unhesitatingly say that the vast preponderance of opinion throughout Great Britain is enthusiastically in favour of summer time and its renewal—not only as a war measure, but as a permanent institution."

Thus reports the Committee appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the social and economic results of the Summer Time Act.

The Committee recommends that summer time should be renewed in 1917 and in subsequent years, and that the period of operation should be from the second Sunday in April (Easter Day) to the third Sunday in September in each year.

According to police evidence, the tendency throughout the country to spend the extra hour of daylight out of doors was said of itself to have made for an improvement in the general moral tone. A marked decrease was noticed in some districts in juvenile offences.

The Committee recommend that the attention of parents should be drawn by every education authority to the danger of the curtailment of children's sleeping hours, and that teachers during harvest, some readjustment of hours of work on farms will prove desirable, but if this only amounts to altering the working hours—say, 6 a.m. to 7 a.m.—it need not involve any confusion.

With regard to agriculture, the committee think that during certain periods, particularly during harvest, some readjustment of hours of work on farms will prove desirable, but if this only amounts to altering the working hours—say, 6 a.m. to 7 a.m.—it need not involve any confusion.

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"NO POTATOES SOON FOR ANYONE."

There Is a World Shortage Says Captain Bathurst.

ALL VEGETABLES SCARCE.

"At the present rate of consumption there are unlikely to be potatoes available for anyone during the late spring and early summer months."

This statement was made in the House of Commons last night by Captain Bathurst (for the Food Controller).

Speaking as to the alleged withholding of potatoes by middlemen, he said there was an unprecedented scarcity of potatoes, not merely in England, but throughout the world.

"CRASS STUPIDITY."

A grave warning on our food supplies was given by Mr. George Lambert, ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

The War Office, he said, had withdrawn so many men that it was bound to result in a very grave diminution in the food production of the country.

Orators and officials would not produce a single extra grain of wheat or a pint of milk, and all the new departments for increased food production would not do so much to produce food as the 10,000 men taken from the land for the Army.

Mr. Prothero stated that a Bill to give effect to the Government's intentions with regard to the institution of a minimum wage of 25s. a week, including allowances, to able-bodied male agricultural workers was now in preparation.

The serious shortage of other vegetables than potatoes continued at the London markets yesterday.

LORD MAYOR'S EXAMPLE.

Parsnips were sold at 14s. hundredweight, and the price of onions is now double the highest ever remembered.

Supplies of English fruit are now practically exhausted, except first-class cooking varieties.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool has decided to use no potatoes either at his home or at the town hall functions, and he appeals to the public to abstain similarly.

A fruit merchant, named Frank King, was fined £1 at Greenwich yesterday for having sold potatoes at 2s. 6d. per stone, which is more than the Controller's price.

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Portrait of a woman, likely related to the 'CRISIS IN AUSTRALIA' article.

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GERMANS ATTACK AT VERDUN ON TWO MILES FRONT

**British Improve Gommecourt Positions—
More Fine Raids and Air Gains.**

LIFE SENTENCE ON A SPY IN LONDON.

Mr. Wilson Foreshadows War—"We May Be Drawn to More Active Assertion of Our Rights."

FOE TRIES AGAIN AT VERDUN.—The Germans made a big attack on the French on a front of nearly two miles between Chambrettes Farm and Bezonsvaux. They gained a foothold in French advanced elements north of the Caurieres Wood. Berlin asserts that the Germans stormed positions over 1,500-yards front.

BRITISH FRONT.—The Germans vainly attacked our gains at Bouchavesnes. There were three successful British raids. In air fighting six German machines were downed and eight driven down damaged. Two of ours were downed and five are missing.

MR. WILSON'S GRAVE WARNING.—President Wilson, in a speech inaugurating his second term as President, declared that the United States had drawn closer to war and that a more active assertion of their rights might become necessary.

GERMANS' VAIN ATTACK ON OUR BOUCHAVESNES GAINS.

Fourteen Hun Airmen Brought or Driven Down—Two in Our Lines.

FOE TRENCHES RAIDED.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday, 8.58 P.M.—This morning the enemy attacked the position east of Bouchavesnes, gained by us yesterday, and was repulsed with loss, leaving some prisoners in our hands.

East of Gommecourt we have improved and strengthened the position gained by us yesterday.

This morning we carried out two successful raids south-east and north of Arras respectively.

Many casualties were inflicted on the enemy and forty-two prisoners and one machine gun were captured.

We also entered the enemy's trenches south-east of Cunchy and took prisoners. In every case our own casualties were slight.

East of Ypres the enemy exploded a mine. No damage was done to our trenches.

Yesterday there was considerable activity in the air, and many combats took place. In the course of the day six hostile aeroplanes were brought down, two falling within our lines, and eight were driven down damaged.

Two of our machines were brought down and five are missing.

Useful artillery reconnaissance work was carried out.

Many places of military importance were attacked with bombs.

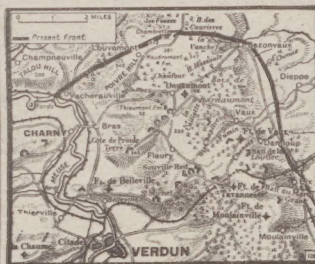
CHINESE CABINET VOTES FOR BREAK WITH FOE.

President Says He Has Sole Power, and the Premier Resigns.

New York, Monday.—A Peking dispatch says that the Chinese Cabinet voted unanimously to sever relations with Germany.

The President does not approve of this action, saying that the power is vested solely in him.

The Premier has resigned, and other members of the Cabinet will most likely follow his lead. —Exchange.



The Germans made a big attack on the French front between Chambrettes and Bezonsvaux.—(G. Philip and Son.)

SPY SENTENCED TO PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE.

Death Penalty Passed by General Court-Martial Revoked.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

A prisoner who was charged with espionage and tried by General Court-Martial in London in February was found guilty.

Sentence of death was passed. The finding and sentence have been duly confirmed, but the sentence has been commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

SNOW HOLDS UP GERMAN RETREAT ON ANCRE.

Disadvantage of Delay Greater for the Foe Than for Ourselves.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, France, Monday.—Snow fell heavily throughout Sunday night, and to-day the battlefields of Northern France are coated several inches deep. The effect of this must necessarily be to delay the German withdrawal and our own forward movement. It is difficult as well as dangerous to go forward over trackless surface, beneath which may lie many a trap and pitfall.

The disadvantage of delay is considerably greater to the enemy than it is to ourselves. Taking it that his chief object is to put as wide a zone as possible between our preparations for striking him and his ultimate defensive line before the weather again favours general mobility, it stands to reason that time is all against him.

HOLDING LINE.

Between Puisieux-au-Mont and Le Transloy it almost appears as though the German holding line has accomplished the first stage of its withdrawal and is resting along the spur of the Bapaume Ridge until the time arrives to resume the retreat.

But north-west of this the Germans are still in a "liquid" state, and throughout Sunday continued to fall back, with our troops everywhere clinging to their covering screen.

British patrols pushing towards Essarts at daylight found that the enemy had abandoned posts where it had quite been anticipated that considerable opposition would be encountered. Reuter's Special.

ZULUS BEHIND THE LINES.

"A double line of South African natives—splendid-looking Zulus, sturdy Basutos and deep-chested Pondos—were lined up for me to see in one of the many camps occupied by the native labour corps."

Thus writes Reuter's special correspondent in describing a visit he has paid to the lines behind the British front in France.

The splendid muster of native labour impressed him greatly. "I was told," he says, "that these fine fellows would much rather be fighting than digging and carrying. But as that is not to be, they have come overseas to set free white men for the trenches.

"CLOSER TO WAR," SAYS DR. WILSON.

"More Active Assertion of Rights" Foreshadowed.

U.S. "DEEPLY INJURED."

In a speech of great gravity Mr. Wilson, at Washington, yesterday inaugurated his second term as President of the United States.

He proclaimed that America stands for:—

Equality of nations in all matters of right or privilege.
Government by consent of governed.
Freedom of the seas for all.
Limitation of armaments.

"We have been drawn nearer to war," declared Mr. Wilson. We stand for armed neutrality, but we may even be drawn on by circumstances to a more active assertion of our rights."

"INTOLERABLE WRONGS."

WASHINGTON, Monday.—President Wilson in his inaugural address said: My Fellow Citizens.—This is a time to speak our thought and purposes concerning the present and the immediate future.
Other matters than domestic legislation have more and more forced themselves upon our attention—matters lying outside our own life as a nation.

They have affected the life of the whole world. We are of the blood of all the nations at war. We have been deeply wronged upon the seas, but we have wished no wrong or injury in return.

"MAY BE DRAWN ON."

We have been obliged to arm ourselves to make good our claim to a certain minimum of right and of freedom of action. We stand firm in armed neutrality.

We may even be drawn on by circumstances, not by our own purpose or desire, to a more active assertion of our rights as we see them, and more immediate association with the great struggle itself.

Though there are many things still to do at home, we realise that the greatest things that remain to be done must be done with the whole world for a stage, and in co-operation with the wise and universal forces of mankind. We are making our spirits ready for those things.

These are the things we stand for whether in war or peace.

That all nations are equally interested in the peace of the world and in the political stability of free peoples and equally responsible for their maintenance.

Actual equality of the nations in all matters of right or privilege that cannot securely or justly rest upon an armed balance.

Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Seas should be equally free and safe for the use of all people.

National armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety.

I need not argue these principles to you. They spring up native amongst us.

"TO SAVE DISASTER."

In a statement which President Wilson has issued with regard to the political crisis in the United States owing to the Bill to arm ships not passing the Senate, he says:—

"More than five hundred of the 531 members of the two Houses are ready and anxious to act."

"The House of Representatives had acted by an overwhelming majority, but the Senate was unable to act because a little group of eleven Senators had determined that it should not."

"A little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

"There is but one remedy. The only remedy is that the rules of the Senate shall be so altered that it can act."

"I believe the Senate can be relied on to supply the means of action, and to save the country from disaster."—Reuter.



Senator Kenyon.



Senator Clapp.



Senator Cummings.



Senator Works.



Senator Lane.



Senator Lafolette.



Senator O'Gorman.



Senator Vardaman.

Eight of the eleven Senatorial filibusters whose obstructionist tactics killed the Armed Neutrality Bill. They have been sternly denounced by President Wilson.

WIND-CHAFE & ROUGHNESS



Let Ven-Yusa
Protect Your
Complexion

YOUR skin and complexion must have the help of Ven-Yusa if they are to be protected against keen March winds.

Make it your habit to always give the face and hands a few touches of Ven-Yusa on going out and coming indoors.

The oxygen released by Ven-Yusa keeps the skin young-looking, prevents blemishes, and induces a peach-like complexion.

Wind-chafe, Roughness, and Redness are warded off, and those tell-tale lines of age and care are softened away.

Women war-workers know from personal experience that no other toilet preparation can be so agreeable or so beneficial.



1/- per jar, at Chemists and Stores,
or from G. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

NOT NEAR THE FIRING LINE!



The French Government is meeting the timber difficulty by putting some of the German prisoners to work in the forests.—(French official photograph.)

FOR THE LONSDALE BELT.



Private Jimmy Wilde, the flyweight boxing champion, who will meet Private George Clark, A.S.C., in a twenty-round contest at the National Sporting Club on Monday next. If he proves the victor the Lonsdale belt, which has to be won three times, will become his own property.

IN THE NEWS



Comdr. Percy Daniel, of the *Palm Leaf*, which was sunk by a U boat. He was made prisoner.



Jennie Olivia Mary Evans, aged 17, missing from home. Write to 116, George-street, Bedford.

WAR HEROES

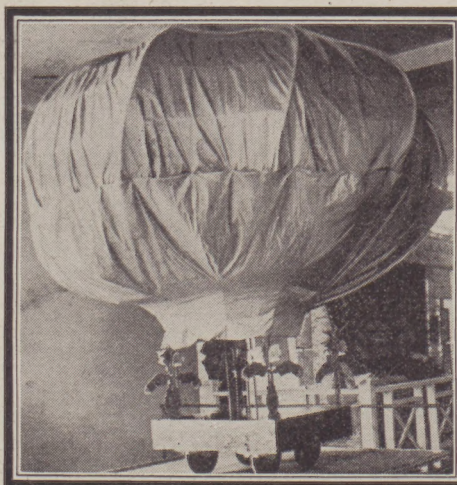


Bombardier Graves, R.G.A., of Plymouth, who has just been decorated with the Military Medal.



Sgt. H. A. Spiers, R.F.A., who has twice won the Military Medal. He was promoted on the field.

AS DESCRIBED BY EZEKIEL.



A model of the aircraft described by the prophet Ezekiel, which is on view at the first Pan-American Aeronautics Exhibition at New York. Through it the designer attempts to prove that the first flying machine dates back 2,500 years. The device is 10ft. high and has all the parts described in the vision.

LAST FEW DAYS OF GREAT OPTICAL SALE

STARTLING VALUE.

FREE! (1) Invitation to X-Ray Demonstration of Wonderful New Sight-Preserving Lens. (2) Home Sight-Testing Chart, and Full Printed Particulars of Sale Prices to Provincial Readers and those unable to call personally.

The present splendid opportunity of obtaining high-class Eye-Glasses and Spectacles at less than Half Price at Mr. Adrian Grey's Great Optical Sale will soon be over, as the Sale only lasts a few days longer.

ASTONISHING PRICE REDUCTIONS.

Every pair of glasses sold during the Sale bears a Ten Years' Guarantee, so that the lenses can be changed at any time if required without additional cost. These glasses represent the last word in Optical Science. They are of exquisite workmanship and construction—light and comfortable to wear—and the lenses are ground from a specially prepared Crown Crystal which is cool and soothing to the eyes, besides securing for the wearer a clear and distinct vision. Everyone may be sure of obtaining exactly the glasses to suit them, and to illustrate the great reduction in prices, which is to be the keynote of the Sale, it may be mentioned that you can be supplied with a pair of Adrian Grey Real Gold-Filled Glasses at the merely nominal price of 4s. 9d. per pair. (If Cylindrical, Bifocal, or "Ulviary" Lenses are fitted the price is proportionately reduced during the Sale.)

CALL OR WRITE TO-DAY.

If you can possibly do so, visit Mr. Grey's Institute at once. You will have the opportunity of choosing from a wonderful selection of different styles of glasses, etc.; but on the other hand no visitor will be importuned to buy. The Institute is most conveniently and centrally situated at 29-30, High Holborn, London, W.C. (next door to Chancery-lane Tube Station, and nearly opposite Chancery-lane), and is open daily from 9.0 a.m. to 7.0 p.m. (Saturdays 9.0 to 5.0). The Sight-Testing Salons and Sale Rooms are on the First Floor.

If by reason of distance or for any other reason you are unable to avail yourself of a personal visit to the Institute, you may still secure the fullest possible "Printed Particulars of the Sale," also Mr. Grey's special Home Sight-Testing Chart, free of charge, merely by sending a postcard.

NOTE THE ONLY ADDRESS:

Adrian Grey, Optical Institute, Ltd. (Suite 41), 29-30, High Holborn, London, W.C.

War Work and the Complexion.



Unless especially cared for the skin quickly loses its freshness, softness and clearness. A little Pomeroy Skin Food rubbed into the cheeks at night cleanses the skin, keeps it soft and smooth, prevents wrinkles and beautifies the complexion.

Pomeroy Skin Food

—it works while you sleep.

1/6, 3/6 and 5/- Jars.

Of High-class Chemists and Perfumers.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.

ILL THROUGH NEGLECT.

There are many people, including most women, who will take far more trouble about anyone else's health than their own. This sort of unselfishness is not really kind; it is not right. A person in bad health is always a burden in some way or another. To save others from becoming a burden, and allow one's self to become an invalid, is neither wise nor generous.

Science shows that nine-tenths of the ills which afflict mankind, and women especially, are due to poor and thin blood. This is Anæmia—too little blood, and blood that is not good. From the moment you realise that new blood will put an end to a number of ailments—rheumatism, nervous weakness, indigestion, bloodlessness, and the headaches and backaches of the fair sex—you know that a remedy is in your own hands. For it is well known and proved that Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are able to make abundance of new blood, and this blood the richest and purest, such as flows in the veins of vigorous, healthy people. It is important, though, to get the genuine Dr. Williams' at shops, for substitutes do not help you.

FREE, for a postcard to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, a useful health handbook, "The Blood and its Work."—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1917.

"ON TRUST, FIDO!"

IT seems to be the custom in these days for Ministers in control of great departments to send for the representative members of professions about to be taxed, or tortured by new regulations, and to "put them on their honour," or to give them good advice about the future and the various ways of meeting it.

You see the Minister as it were placing the one remaining piece of valuable sugar on Fido's obedient nose. "On trust, sir!" And Fido must wait, in that attitude, like Casabianca, for a long time: perhaps till the end of the war. . . .

Take the very self-denying and charitable profession of acting. Take the actors and the stage. Mr. Neville Chamberlain—evidently an optimist—has made a suggestion partially illustrated by our cartoonist this morning. He has suggested that the now universal "on trust" rule of simplicity should be applied to the stage. Less scenery! Less decoration! "The play's the thing," And so on.

All precisely what dramatic critics have in vain been telling the stage for the last twenty-five years.

Will war achieve what peace could not do?

Before the war, it was rarely possible to see Shakespeare on our stage, in anything like integrity. Why? Because of scenery. Because of the real sea and the real rain; because of the real rabbits in almost real forests; because of the immensely over-weighted machine-made effects smothering the delicate poet whose "wooden O" was, in comparison, made for another sort of drama altogether. While we've waited in darkness and dim music—or loud music, sonnets, charges, alarms—for the next scene, how often have we wished that Shakespeare had loved the "unities" better! The unity of place!—had he followed that, why, there would have been less darkness and dim music and shorter intervals. . . .

But the bard is not to blame. It is the manager, say some. Others say it is the public. The public will have real rabbits, expense, noise, change. So the managers affirm. Play Shakespeare in front of green curtains: people will not enjoy hearing him. They will stand up in the pit and cry: "Rabbits! Rabbits! Where are the real rabbits?"

We have not found it so. We lately saw the green curtains—and one "set"—in the popular theatre where alone Shakespeare can be seen, in the Waterloo-road. The large theatre was packed with people.

What better time indeed than our biggest war for our greatest poet? In listening to him one has a sense that this country is worth fighting for—a stronger sense than any given us by contemplation of the Waterloo-road itself, or our present civilisation as a whole. Shakespeare is done simply in the Waterloo-road. He cheers one up.

Why not then in the West End?

Perhaps because absence of heavy decoration would concentrate attention on the acting—for its own sake. That would not do. Not much Shakespearean acting of to-day bears close scrutiny. Hence the prevalence of scenery. . . .

W. M.

A SIGHT OF TULIPS.

Bright Tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither;
And fading-time does show
That ye must quickly wither.

Your Sister-hoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come Virgins then, and see
Your fratricides, and bemoan ye;
For 'tis like these 'twill be,
As Time had never known ye.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

MANIPULATIVE SURGERY AND ITS CRITICS.

HOW PROGRESS IS BARRED BY THE DOCTORS.

By H. A. BARKER

(The celebrated bone-setter).

THE only possible—or, at least, the only acceptable—explanation of the hostile attitude which the medical practitioners of this country, considered collectively, have adopted towards manipulative surgery is that they are in ignorance of the subject.

Deeply prejudiced against every innovation, even when it is made by a registered practitioner, the medical profession cannot tolerate any suggestion which comes from without. Of all the subjects outside the curriculum of the medical schools, the average member of what is rather grandiloquently called the Faculty knows nothing.

He has been taught to distrust everything and everybody that is in the least irregular or

charge on the country, because the military authorities cannot—owing to the power of the Medical Trade Union—employ the services of anything but registered medical practitioners. And the irony of it all is, that those who can pay for the treatment—men in high positions in every profession, including the medical profession—are able to secure the benefits which are denied to the rank and file of the fighting forces.

"TOMMY" MUST WAIT.

If the situation were not so serious—so scandalous—it would be laughable. It would be incredible, were it not a too tragic reality.

What does Tommy Atkins care whether he is treated by a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons or by a layman, as long as he is cured? Is he to be allowed to remain a sufferer in order that a shibboleth may be respected?

The time has come for immediate action, and I am glad to know that an influential committee of members of the House of Commons

DANCING AND EATING.

PEOPLE WHO STILL DON'T KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON.

SHOULD IT BE ALLOWED?

MR. ROBERT VANE surely need not have been indignant about the dance he described—unless indeed about the dresses and the diamonds. For it was apparently an affair for men in khaki only.

There are plenty of other dances going on far more reprehensible at this time. I would like to "conduct him personally" to one of these.

No doubt (as he says) there always were and there always will be people who dance—or fiddle—while Rome burns. The point is: Should they be allowed to set so scandalous an example?

Camden-road, N.

BREAD FOR THE BIRDS.

PEOPLE are still wasting food in abundance. The people two doors away from me regularly put out bread for the birds—enough to make about three bread puddings.

Ought not charity to begin at home nowadays? N. C. L.

"FOURTEEN SERVANTS."

I AM simply disgusted to read an advertisement in one of the daily papers for a housemaid for a lady who confesses (or perhaps boasts) to "fourteen servants kept."

In these times of stress would not at least three-fourths of these young women be better employed in making munitions or on other work of really national importance?

AGNES L. SIMPSON.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

YESTERDAY I met a small boy running hard in the direction of the post office. "Hullo!" I said, "where are you off to?" "It's my birthday," he replied, breathlessly, "and I've had some money." Here, with the air of a millionaire, he drew a postal order for two shillings out of an envelope and showed it to me. "Now," he added, "I'm going to cash it." "What shall you buy with it?" I asked. He looked at me in unconscious reproach. "I'm going to put it on my War Card," he said.

And as the little legs sped away on their errand I thought of the food hogs and prodigals.

PETER PAN.

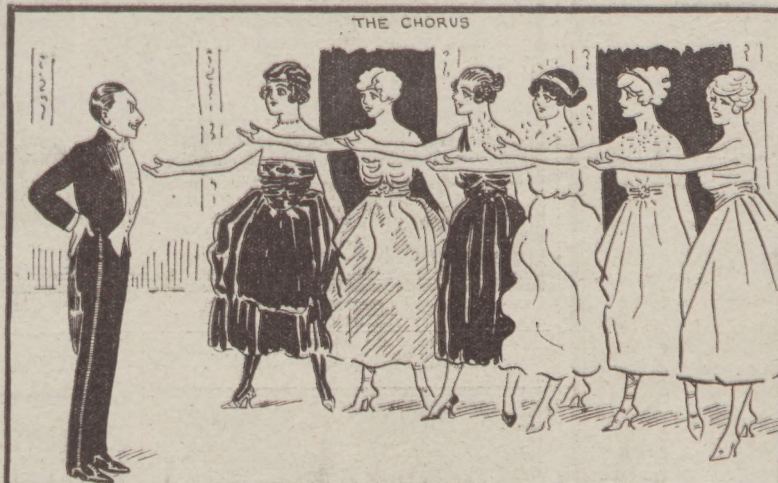
IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 5.—The onion is an indispensable vegetable and one that should be extensively cultivated this year. It should be remembered, however, that onions need a very deep and rich soil to grow in; it is impossible to obtain a good crop from poor shallow ground.

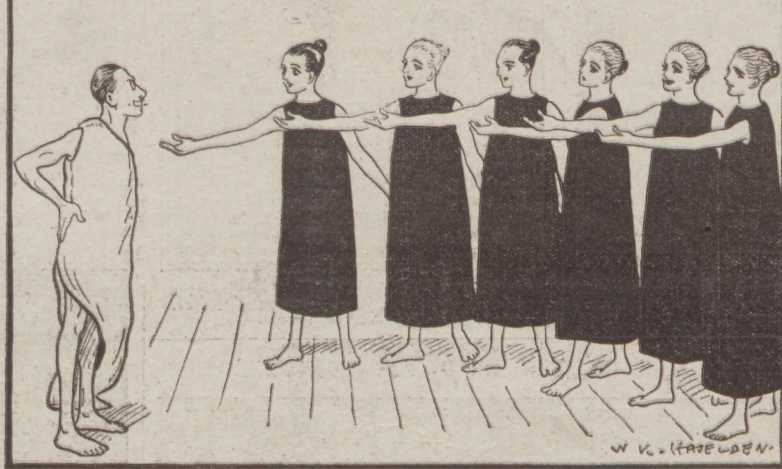
Sowing can take place any time now, but it is important to wait until the soil is in a dry, friable condition. First make the ground fairly firm by treading; then well rake it over and remove all large stones. Let the drills be 9 in. apart. Sow thinly and evenly, and carefully attend to thinning and hoeing as growth progresses.

E. F. T.

WHEN WE GET "SIMPLICITY" IN THE THEATRE.



AS IT MAY BE WHEN STAGE PRODUCTIONS ARE LESS LUXURIOUS



It will perhaps look like this. But won't it be rather hard on revues?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

advanced; and for this reason progress is slow. Humanity may suffer—and continue to suffer—until a remedy for any given complaint has been discovered by a registered practitioner, for it would be ranked as heretical to recognise even the most scientific results which might be obtained by a layman. In the ranks of the medical profession there are thousands of very noble, self-sacrificing men, to whom be all honour; but even their lives of usefulness do not justify or excuse the narrow-minded, prejudiced attitude of the Faculty.

These reflections have been called forth by the attitude of the medical profession towards the value of manipulative surgery during the present great crisis, when hundreds of men are being broken in the war.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of men have sustained injuries for which operative surgeons can find no remedy, and these men are to be allowed to remain life-long sufferers, and a

has been formed to investigate the matter. The welfare of the fighting men requires them to persist, and I hope that they will sweep away the obstructions which bar the way, whatever they may be. After all, the members of the medical profession must remember that to benefit humanity is their paramount duty; sufferers must not be regarded as their profitable prerequisites.

I am perfectly certain that I can cure a great many of the men who are now being discharged as incurable. Manipulative surgery—or, as it is commonly called, bone-setting—is an exact science which is quite as old as operative surgery, and I have been practising it for nearly twenty-five years with demonstrable success. I have done what I say I can do, and I can do the same things again. All I want is a chance to help the wounded who have no hope of relief from the operating surgeons; but so far, all my offers have been de-

clined because I am not a registered practitioner. However, there are signs that the resistance is weakening—even the medical profession cannot stand against the weight of public opinion.

As an example of the Faculty's attitude, it is interesting to note that a highly-qualified man who came to me as an anesthetist was given the option of forsaking me or losing his diploma. He elected to stay with me, and he has been struck off the medical register for "infamous conduct"—that is to say, for helping an unrecognised man.

This may sound scarcely credible, but it is perfectly true, and it is typical of the Faculty's attitude towards any change.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He that loses his conscience has nothing else that is worth keeping.—Isaac Walton.

CASUALTY LIST.



Flight-Lieut. Edward L. Pulling, R.N., D.S.O., killed.



Flight-Sub-Lieut. Augustine F. Marlowe, R.N., seriously injured.

ELECTRICITY FOR FARMERS.



Electricity is being used for farming purposes in Herefordshire. The idea is not new, as this invention was successfully used by *The Daily Mirror* some years ago for forcing growth.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE ON THE NEED FOR ECONOMY.



Mrs. Lloyd George speaking at the inauguration of the women's campaign for economy at the St. James' Theatre yesterday. "Every piece of bread and every lump of sugar should be carefully used," she said.

GREAT WATERWAY BLOCKED BY ICE—DUTCH ENGI



Fixing the explosives in the position for firing.



Pouring gunpowder into cans, which are sunk in the holes drilled in the ice.

BATTLEFIELD AT NIGHT.



A photograph taken in the French lines at Verdun showing a searchlight scouring the clouds for our Allies' inquisitive airmen.

PLUCKY ACT.

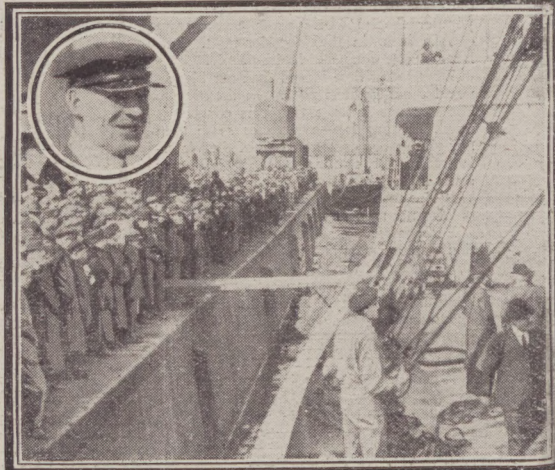


Driver A. Dalby, a Canadian soldier, who, although wounded, dived into the sea at Folkestone to the assistance of two airmen.



Boat carrying men and explosives towards the centre of the ice. The great frost of the last few weeks has practically closed the Rhine to nav engineers have been busy breaking up the floes. Remarkable scenes were witnessed as the ice went flying in all directions.

BORDEAUX WELCOMES BLOCKADE RUNNER.



The crowd which gathered on the quay to welcome the Rochester, one of the American steamers which defied the U-boats by sailing into the danger zone. In the circle is Captain Eric Kokritz, the skipper.

THE FOOD (



Lord Devonport (x), who is front at Brighton, where he

ICE—DUTCH ENGINEERS AT WORK ON THE RHINE.



gunpowder into cans, which are sunk in the holes drilled in the ice.



at carrying men and explosives towards the centre of the river. The last few weeks has practically closed the Rhine to navigation, and Dutch busy breaking up the floes. Remarkable scenes were witnessed when the explosions occurred and the ice went flying in all directions.



After the explosion the shattered blocks of ice are thrown into indescribable confusion.

D.S.O. AND M.C.



Captain J. H. Herring, R.F.C. M.C., now awarded the D.S.O. He flew continuously for six hours under fire and bombed a gunboat.—(Lafayette.)

A CANADIAN MAJOR WEDS.



Major Heakes, of the Canadian forces, and his bride (Mrs. Watkin) leaving Holy Trinity, Marylebone, yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

IN THE WAR NEWS.

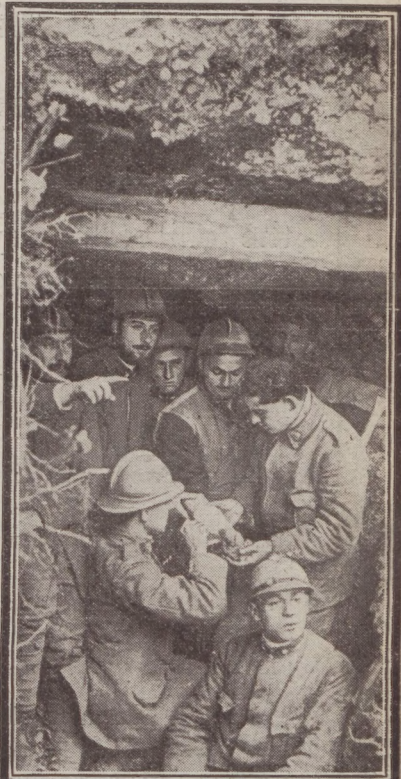


P.O. Kenneth M. Vaughan, R.N.A.S., wins the St. George's Cross.



Baroness de Goldsmid, "mentioned" in the Gazette.—(Swaine.)

FIRST AID IN A TRENCH.



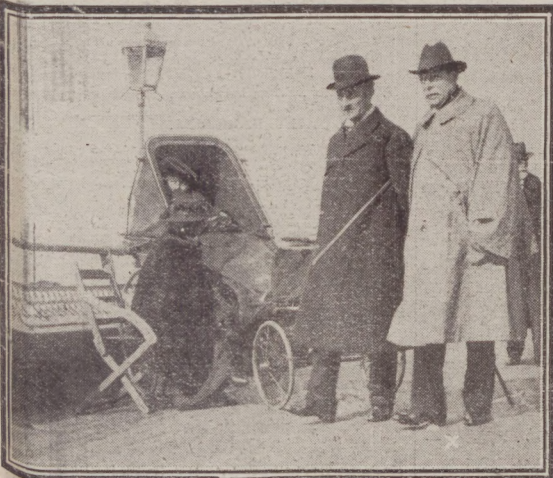
A wounded Italian having his arm bound. Yesterday's communiqué from Rome announced a brilliant success on the Trentino front.—(Italian official.)

ADZ RUNNER.



the Rochester, one of the ships used in the danger zone. In the skipper.

THE FOOD CONTROLLER CONVALESCENT.



Lord Devonport (x), who is now back at work after his illness, walking on the front at Brighton, where he went to recuperate. He is seen with Sir Samuel Evans, the famous Judge.

KING ALBERT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER AT THE SALUTE.



Princess Marie Jose of Belgium (x) photographed in the grounds of the Grange, at Brentwood, after she had been scouting with school companions. Three of them, including the Princess, have won medals.

THE HATION LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Esther Shepstone.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor, who has had all the good things of life, is able to help many people.

ESTHER SHEPSTONE, a beautiful girl, who is earning her own living. Esther has given up her emorying because she is going to be married to Raymond Ashton.

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-for-nothing fellow who is going to throw the girl over.

JUNE MASON, who is Micky's friend, becomes Esther's friend. Micky confesses to June Mason that he loves Esther. Driver tells Micky that the announcement of Ashton's marriage has appeared in the papers.

Micky and June arrange to get Esther away from London, in order that she may not leave her old friend's house. When Esther and Micky are out motoring they stop at a wayside inn. Esther hears two men talking of Raymond's marriage.

She rushes away and starts for Paris. Micky follows and catches her up at Calais. Esther is very angry when Micky tells her that Raymond is unworthy; then she breaks down and sobs bitterly.

Before the train arrives in Paris Micky confesses that he wrote the letters which had so delighted Esther.

Esther does not want to believe what Micky tells her; but in spite of herself she feels that he is speaking the truth.

Micky does not wish to intrude upon her, for he feels that his company is unwelcome. He goes away, and Esther wanders out into the streets feeling very unhappy and desolate.

Not seeing anything, she wanders into some public gardens.

A man passes her. He pauses and turns back. Then he comes and speaks to her.

It is Raymond Ashton.

Esther's eyes are attracted by Ashton's brutality. He taunts her, and she tells him that Micky is in Paris.

Esther is very desolate. She drives to the hotel from which Micky had written to her; and there she meets Micky. He is very kind and takes her back to London.

He asks Esther to marry him.

Esther is full of remorse and says that she cannot marry Micky. He accepts the situation, and makes a compact of friendship.

June welcomes Esther enthusiastically on her return.

A visitor comes to see Esther. He leaves his card—his name is George A. Rochester.

The next day Rochester returns—he knew Esther when she was a little girl in India.

Rochester is very interested in Esther, and he is charmed by June. He invites them to lunch, and Micky is asked to complete the party.

Rochester tells June of his great affection for Esther's mother. He intended to adopt Esther and make her his heiress, but—he has changed his mind.

"I OWE YOU MORE THAN I CAN REPAY."

JUNE turned her head slowly and looked at George Rochester with blank eyes.

"Changed your mind?" she said. "What do you mean?"

She did not give him time to answer; she went on urgently. "You don't mean that now you have seen Esther you are disappointed in her? Oh, you can't mean that, surely."

The man's face twisted for a moment into a wry smile.

"No," he said, very quietly. "That wasn't what I meant at all." But he did not attempt to explain, and June did not ask any more questions.

She was conscious of an odd sort of excitement; her thoughts seemed to have run away with her; she stopped short.

"It must be time we went back to meet Esther. I had no idea we had come so far. The time has flown."

It really seemed to have done; had anyone asked her she would have said that only a few minutes had elapsed since they had left Esther outside Eldred's, but a glance at her watch told her that it must have been nearly an hour ago.

"Don't you forget to go to Micky's," she said; she felt somehow that she must change the subject; there was a queer little pulse dancing in her throat, and she did not look at Rochester when she spoke.

They went back rather silently to the shop where they had arranged to meet Esther; she was there waiting for them—she said she had been there some time.

"Well, and what success?" Rochester asked, cheerfully. "Is there room for you amongst the petticoats this time?"

Esther nodded, but her face quivered a little. "Yes, I'm to start on Monday; they're going to take me back in my old dress again."

"It's perfectly absurd," June said, angrily. "You're no more fitted for that sort of life than I am. I could—I could cry with rage." She tore off her gloves and flung them down on the tea table. "You want a good shaking," she said. "And who do you think you're going to live, pray? Eldred's is much too far away from Elphinstone-terrace for you to go to and from every day, or twice a day."

"I shall have to find some rooms nearer, and

anyway I could not have afforded to stay with you, you know that."

"I've pushed away the tea-tray which had just been brought."

"I don't want any tea—it makes me sick to think of you being so obstinate. Why don't you say something, Mr. Rochester? What's the good of a great big man like you if you can't make a woman do as you tell her?"

A smile flashed across his face, but quickly disappeared.

"I'm afraid it's hardly my place to dictate to Miss Esther," he said. "And as to Eldred's—I understood it was a very good class house."

"Good class, of course it is!" June snapped at him. "It's too good class, and that's what I'm complaining about. Esther will have to serve people with whom she ought to be on a level—those stuck-up Deland girls for a start. I think life is most unfair."

She was not far away from tears, and Esther hurriedly changed the subject. "She exerted herself to cheer June; in the end she succeeded in making her smile; by the time Rochester left them she was almost herself again."

"After all," Esther said with a stifled sigh as they went upstairs, "I'm only going back where I was before. I always knew it was too good to last—these weeks with you, but I'm glad I had them, all the same."

"You don't consider me at all," FJone snapped. "Don't you think I shall miss you? You really are a most abominably selfish person. People with pride always are. I shall tell Micky. I meant to have told him this afternoon, only I forgot."

Esther had been taking off her hat, but she turned now and leaned against the foot of the bed, as if she felt a little uneasy.

"Have you seen him this afternoon, then?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, I have—we met him, and he spoke—at least, he wouldn't have spoken, only I made him. I introduced your Mr. Rochester."

"He isn't my Mr. Rochester."

"Very well, then; at any rate, Micky asked him round to his rooms this evening, and he's going."

"Oh."

"I jolly well hope he tells Micky what an obstinate, pig-headed creature you are!" June went on tartly.

Esther flushed up to her ears.

"As if I care what he tells me," she said, scornfully. "It's nothing to do with Mr. Mellowes. And I'm sure I don't know what you expect me to do. How can I live on other people? What would you think of me if I settled down here, and calmly allowed you to pay my rent and my food bill, and never tried to work. I owe you more now than I can ever repay."

"If you talk like that I'll—I'll kill you!" said June, in a rage. "You don't understand what friendship means. Micky has tried to teach you, and so have I, and all you do is to throw it back in our faces. . . Oh, Esther, don't!"

Esther had turned away and covered her face with her hands.

"I know you think I'm ungrateful and horrid," she said brokenly. "But how would you like to be in my position? I haven't a shilling of my own in the world—all the things I've been wearing since I came here were given for by . . . by . . . oh, you know! I hate to talk at that fur coat and my new frock. You look to me about being proud and obstinate; I can't help it, but I'm mad on thinking well that's all; I'd rather die than take anything more from anyone. I kept myself before, and I will again . . ."

"I didn't mean to hurt you—I'm a perfect beast," June declared. "But it does seem such a shame."

Esther raised a flushed face, but there was no sign of tears in her eyes.

"We can't all have money and be independent," she said, hardly. "But I think you might try and understand how I feel about it."

"I only know that I'm dying to help you, and you won't let me," June said grumpily. "Lord! I wonder in my cigarette case—I shall swear or do something worse if I can't smoke."

She went out of the room, and Esther heard her go clattering up the stairs. There were tears in her eyes now, but she brushed them angrily away; after all, what was there to cry for? It was only that she had got to go back to where she had left off that New Year's eve when she first met Micky; everything was just as it had been then, save that she was the poorer now by the loss of a dream.

CONFIDENCES.

IT was about eight o'clock that night when George Rochester got to Micky's rooms, and he found Micky half asleep in an armchair with a book on his knee.

When Driver announced the visitor at the door he started up with a muttered exclamation; he was in no mood for callers, especially this man of whom he knew nothing, but he went forward as cordially as he could.

"I'd almost given you up," he said with an effort. "It's a bit late to go out, isn't it? What do you say to spending the evening here?"

The room looked comfortable enough with its big fire and cosy chairs, and Rochester agreed readily.

He was rather anxious to get to know June's perfect man; he looked at him interestedly while Micky mixed whiskies and sodas.

June had said he was not at all good-looking, but the thought that struck Rochester was the harassed look in his face; a restless sort of unhappiness in his eyes.

"So you're a friend of Miss Shepstone's, eh?" Micky said with an effort. "I've never heard her speak of you."

"No, you wouldn't," the other man answered.

"It's twenty years since I saw her, and she doesn't remember me at all."

"Twenty years is a long time," said Micky sentimentally.

He pushed a box of cigars across the table. He was wondering what Esther had been like twenty years ago. "You knew her people, then, of course," he said.

"Yes—they're both dead now—her mother died twenty years ago, and her father last year." Micky looked surprised.

"Only last year—I understood that he died years ago."

"I believe that she thinks so, too," Rochester admitted. He half smiled. "Miss June had quite made up her mind that I was a kind of long-lost uncle or somebody, come over to bring a fortune with me; she was very disappointed when I told her that poor Shepstone died without a cent to his name."

There was a little silence. "I'm beginning to wish it had been otherwise now," he went on.

"Why?" asked Micky sharply.

The elder man shrugged his shoulders. "From what I can hear she isn't too well off, poor child—she's going to take a berth in a petticoat shop, and Miss June seems very upset about it."

Micky made no comment.

"She certainly doesn't look suited to rough it," Rochester went on. "I don't know if you know her well."

"Yes, I know her quite well," said Micky; there was a little hoarse note in his voice; he thought of that journey over to Paris, and the one back again; it seemed a long time ago now—almost in another world that he had pleaded so hard with Esther, and pleaded in vain.

Ended and done with! That was what he had told himself when he left her with June at Charing Cross that night; what good to drag on in further hopelessness; she might be kind to him sometimes out of pity or a mistaken gratitude, but she could never give him what he wanted.

So he had stayed away and tried not to think about her, and now late had sent this man after her. All women ought to be married, he smiled, whimsically. "I'm a bachelor myself, but I'm a fair believer in the married state all the same."

Micky laughed.

"That's how June talks. She's told me dozens of times that the man she would marry has never yet been born, but she keeps on urging matrimony on other people."

"Never been born, eh?" Rochester said, reflectively. "Well—how knows."

There was a short silence.

"Over here on business?" Micky asked, then, Rochester shook his head.

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact, I really came to see Miss Shepstone. I'm not a very young man now, you know, and I'd somehow got it into my head that I was going to find the little girl I said good-bye to twenty years ago. The time flies so fast we forget what a long time twenty years really is." He paused: "I was with her father when he died," he went on after a moment. "It was he who spoke to me about her, and I suppose I'd been wanting an excuse to come home for years—so I made her the excuse."

"I see," Micky's voice was rather constrained.

Rochester laughed suddenly; he had a big, infectious sort of laugh.

"It's odd how a man's outlook on life changes, you know," he said thoughtfully. "All the way over from Bombay I've been thinking about myself as an old man—I've had the most paternal feelings about the little girl I thought I was going to see." He leaned forward and laid a hand on Micky's knee. "You'll laugh at me when I tell you that I even had the idea of adopting her, and leaving her the little money I have to leave, but now—"

"And now," Micky echoed.

Rochester leaned back in his chair with a sigh.

"That's all changed and done with," he said; he made a movement with his hand as if to indicate that something had wiped the slate of his original intentions clean.

Micky sat very still; his cigar had gone out, and he made no attempt to relight it; there was a curiously strained look about his big figure.

"I've heard a lot about a woman changing a man's whole life in a moment," Rochester went on. "But I'm not sentimental, and I never thought it would come my way to prove it."

He looked at Micky critically. "Am I boring you?" he asked.

Micky roused himself with an effort.

"Not in the least—please go on—you were saying that some woman, since you came home—"

Rochester laughed self-consciously.

"Has done for me what women in plays and novels do for other men," he said. "Made me wish I were fifteen years younger."

He stopped. Micky moved a little and passed a nervous hand across his eyes.

"You mean—you mean Miss Shepstone, of course?" he asked jerkily.

George Rochester leaned forward and knocked the ash from his cigar into the fender.

"No," he said with sudden softening of his voice. "I mean the little lady with the black hair and the skin like apple blossom."

There will be another fine instalment of this splendid serial to-morrow.

No more Facial Eczema



Are you suffering from eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, there is only one thing in the world you want to know—how to get rid of your trouble so completely that it will never again return. To do this you must use Antexema. In tens of thousands of cases Antexema has cured after all other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had absolutely failed. Antexema is so certain to cure you that you are cruel to yourself if you do not use it.

To convince you of the extraordinary value of Antexema we offer a Free Trial bottle, knowing that, having once used it, you will recognise its superlative merits. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful creamy liquid, prepared in our own laboratory from the prescription of the physician who first made it. The instant Antexema touches the irritated spot all itching magically disappears, and soon your skin illness is for ever ended.

Get your Free Trial at once

Antexema conquers every skin illness. Angry looking pimples, blackheads, bad legs, bad hands, chilblains, chapped, cracked, or chafed skin, eczema, skin irritation, slow-healing sores, and all other skin ailments are completely cured by Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle; or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps. Also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 6/3/17.



Miss Lilian Brathwaite, who is to appear in "General Post" at the Haymarket.

Simpler Amusements.

I FIND that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's hint that theatrical entertainments may have to be of a simpler nature in future has caused no dismay to theatrical managers. "On the whole," said one of them to me, "we welcome it. I do not think any of us ever wanted the super-revue, for instance, but we were practically forced into it by competition."

The Happy Mean.

"OF COURSE," he continued, "it would be impossible to go back to the bareness of Shakespearean times. But there is a medium between classical austerity and twentieth-century ornateness. If that medium can be attained, I think neither the playgoer nor the play-producer will be disposed to grumble."

Officers' Pensions.

I HAD a welcome tip yesterday that a strongly-backed move is to be made to secure a much higher scale of officers' pensions. There is a big contrast between the existing scale for junior officers and the new maximum scale for N.C.O.s and men. One M.P. who is interesting himself in the question told me yesterday that he was quite hopeful of something being done.

And Allowances.

I WAS GLAD to hear, too, that the scheme for maintenance allowances for officers' dependents is going on promisingly and that a good deal of warmth is likely to be infused into the cold heart of the Treasury. Officials, I was told, are busy examining the financial possibilities, and something definite will be heard before long.

Liberalism and Labour.

THE ATTACK by Mr. Massingham on the Labour leaders in the House of Commons serves to emphasise the cleavage between the representatives of Labour and the Free Trade Liberals. It was never, I understand, more than an alliance of convenience, and as the speeches at the Labour Congress showed has now become an affair of "love to hatred turned."

A Promising Unionist.

COLONEL PAGE CROFT, who is speaking to-night on "Imperial Development" at the 1900 Club, is one of the most promising younger members of the Unionist Party. I remember that when Mr. Lloyd George was busy making his National Government many of the Premier's friends thought Colonel Page Croft would hold high office. Doubtless his time will come.

The Sinister Sandbag.

I HEAR THAT SOME of the conscientious objectors confined in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, declined to make sandbags as being part of the equipment of war. Some had a "conscientious objection" to do work of any sort, and were ordered a bread and water diet.

Romance of the Peerage.

LORD ALLERTON, the chairman of the Great Northern Railway, who is recovering from a severe illness, is one of the most romantic figures in the city of Leeds. The son of a tanner in a very small way, the future peer worked as a boy from six in the morning until late in the evening.



Lord Allerton.

A night school gave him his early education, and he lived in quite a humble street in what is known in Leeds as a "back-to-back" house.

His Claim to Fame.

YEARS AFTER, when the poor tanner's boy had risen to wealth and influence, someone asked him one day what was his chief claim to fame. "I am the father of P. S. Jackson, the well-known cricketer," replied the peer.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Food Economy.

IT STRUCK me at yesterday's meeting at the St. James' Theatre on Food Economy what a charming voice Mrs. Lloyd George has—low, sweet-timbred, and quite a little shy. She was telling us how glad it made her to see all schoolgirls being taught cooking and house-keeping. Lady Mond, another of the speakers, was heartily cheered when she said how much we all appreciated Mrs. Lloyd George taking the chair so soon after her anxious nursing and bereavement.

The Burning Question.

CANTERNS and their waste came in for a lot of criticism when the time came for questions from the audience. But when a question was put about dogs and their rations Mrs. Peel, the new Director of the Food Department, flung up her hands. "There's a question that'll arouse a perfect storm of feeling," she said, "and I simply daren't answer." Neither did she.

An Australian Reunion.

A NUMBER of Australian officers met at Lady Harrowby's pleasant house during the weekend to meet Lady Ellison-Macartney, whose husband has just become the Governor of Western Australia. She is laden with all manner of messages to their relatives out there. Lady Cranborne, too, was looking after some wounded officers.

Eton and the Overseas.

THE COUNTESS OF HARROWBY and her nurse daughter, Lady Frances Ryder, have devised some of the pleasantest entertainments for overseas officers. They take them personally in parties of five or six to see the sights of Lon-



Lady Frances Ryder.

don. One day they went down to Windsor and were given tea by the Eton masters. The men were enthusiastic over that, and I hear that the Eton boys may act as guides to some overseas officers shortly.

The Return of the Flute.

THE FLUTE AND HARP, old-fashioned but sweet-toned instruments, are evidently coming into favour again, for both will be used to accompany Miss Beryl Freeman's three French songs at the Bulldog Club concert at Sunderland House, to which many musical society folk are going to-morrow. Lady programme sellers will enliven the proceedings.

O Tempora!

AT ONE TIME spade work was *infra dig.*, but now everyone is in for a dig.

Muses Underground.

ONE MAY no longer meet Orpheus underground, but one meets many of the more modern muses there in these taxiless days. Seated side by side in a tube train after the theatre I saw Sir John Cowan, Mlle. Genée, who delights us at the Coliseum, and with her Miss Marie Novello and Mr. Squire.

"Tony."

HERE is a caricature of Mr. Dennis Eadie, who for some reason best known to the artistic temperament has been made by Mr. David Wilson to bear a close resemblance to Mr. Lewis Sydney. The clothes he wears in "Remnant," at the Royalty, are really far more picturesque than you might imagine from the conception of the caricaturist.

Sugar.

I SEE that Mr. A. B. Walkley regards "Remnant" as the sugariest piece of sweetness we have had on the stage for years. But "Peg o' My Heart" wants a lot of beating so far as sweetness is concerned. "Daddy Long-Legs" is another bit of romantic sugar. Life is so sour just now that the public has a voracious appetite for sugar plums at the play.



Mr. Dennis Eadie.

Bad News for Novel Readers.

THESE NEW RESTRICTIONS on paper are likely to hit the book publishers severely. Mr. Andrew Melrose, the well-known publisher, was telling me yesterday morning that books in the future are likely to be fewer and dearer. The quality of the paper, too, is certain to suffer.

The Paper of the Future.

IN CONNECTION with the last point Mr. Melrose told me a characteristic story. He is about to publish a book, but has found it impossible to get paper of the old standard. "The quality supplied," he said, "was something like sugar paper, and I shall be forced to issue with the book a publisher's note of explanation."

Poor Poster Artists!

THE ORDER RESTRICTING the size of pictorial advertisements has caused dismay among the clever folk who design posters. An artist whose normal income is "around" £1,000 a year told me yesterday that he feared the worst. You have often seen his work on the hoardings.

The Princess and the Soldiers.

I SAW Princess Patricia in a book-shop the other day. She was buying literature for her soldiers, and seemed to know exactly what they wanted—a good, lively story. "But no war books, thank you," said the Princess.

The Policy of Scuttling.

MEATLESS DAYS and sweetless days are fashionable, and Lord D'Abernon has made us familiar with treatless days. If the shortage of coal continues we may expect heatless days.

A Noble Example.

THERE IS MUCH TALK of economy. Many women are practising what they preach. Lady St. Helier, for instance, says she has not bought any clothes since the war.

The Most Popular Meal.

THERE HAS BEEN, it appears, a recent revival of "high-tea." One reason for this would seem to be that food has not to be measured out so carefully, as most things served do not come under food laws. High-tea has always been the favourite of the wounded soldiers.



Miss Vera Willoughby, the well-known artist, who is entertaining wounded soldiers by drawing for them.

A Review of Reviews.

I WENT to the Playgoers' Club on Sunday night to hear Mr. Albert De Courville's review of reviews. At the outset I expected the "fur to fly," but Mr. De Courville spoke so well and so modestly that the voice of criticism was hushed. Little Miss Daphne Pollard made a sprightly appearance on the platform.

Postponement?

WE ARE PROMISED two revue productions this week. But don't be surprised if at least in one instance there is a postponement. War conditions have accentuated the postponement habit in revue land.

Out of Place.

IN "WHO'S WHO" I came across the name Germany in a list headed "Civilised Countries." It looked quite odd!

Why?

FROM TIME TO TIME we all receive letters from the front marked "Base Censor." A good many hard things have been said about him, I know—but why this self-accusation?

Effective Economy.

"TOMMY" in hospital loves flowers. Visiting some wounded, I noticed several large black bowls filled with water, on which floated a few snowdrops and violets. One of the sisters told me this method of arrangement was a war economy, as only very few flowers were necessary.

THE RAMBLER.

W.B.
NUFORM
CORSETS

THERE'S a marked style-distinction in W.B. Corsets, a charm of individuality; deft finishing touch, improvement in gown-fit and figure-lines in W.B. Corsets at extremely modest price.

The wearer delights in their comfort, rejoices in the extreme daintiness of the trimmings, and the superb wearing qualities of the fabric. Procurable at all drapers.

Illustrated booklet and name of nearest agent sent free on request. Write to "W.B. Corsets," Dept. M., 23, London Wall, London, E.C.



CONTROL OF BREWERIES.

All Firms in Ireland To Be Taken Over by Government.

It is officially stated that Guinness's and all other breweries in Ireland will be taken over by the Government.

Owing to a rumour on the Dublin Stock Exchange yesterday, says the Central News, to the effect that the Government were about to take over the brewery of Guinness's Ordinary shares advanced 2½.

The secretary of Guinness's stated that as far as they knew the Government had taken over all breweries in the United Kingdom, but they had no details.

NEWS ITEMS.

£1,100,000 in Chancery.

The total of the funds "in Chancery" is about £1,100,000.

Germany's Sixth Loan.

The sixth German War Loan will be issued in a few days, says a Copenhagen telegram.

Fire at Air Board Offices.

The result of a light being thrown down, a fire occurred yesterday at the offices of the Air Board.

Bombing in Gray's Inn.

Trenches, embankments and bombing nests are being constructed by the Volunteers in Gray's Inn Gardens.

Lord Milner Sees the King.

Lord Milner and the Italian delegates who have just returned from Petrograd were yesterday received by the King.

Electric Light Decrease.

Owing to the increased cost of coal and labour Fulham Council's electricity committee recommends an increase of 5 per cent. in charges.

"Ferdinandville."

It is officially announced from Sofia that the ancient capital of Serbia, Nish, will be renamed Ferdinandville, says a Zurich wireless message.

Mr. George Graves' New Role.

Mr. George Graves has been unanimously elected president of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund and Institution for the ensuing year.

Died on Daughter's Grave.

Superintendent of Newport Cemetery, Simeon Arnold, aged sixty-four, was found dead on his daughter's grave yesterday with his throat cut.

Honour for M.P.

In recognition of his services with the Rumanian Army, the King of Rumania has conferred the Star of Rumania, with swords, on Colonel Norton Griffiths, M.P.

Why She Took Port.

When Mr. Leicester, at the Thames Police Court, asked a woman why she had taken too much port wine, he got the reply, "To keep body and soul together."

Huns to Control All Railways.

The Kaiser has issued a proclamation, says a Copenhagen message, announcing that the entire German railway system will in future be under the control of the military authorities.

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD NEEDS A LAXATIVE!

If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember imitations are sometimes substituted, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. (Adv.)

HUNS' LATEST THREAT.

Lord Newton Says Allies Have Guaranteed Protection of Prisoners

Lord Newton, interviewed yesterday at the Foreign Office, said that more than a month ago the Allies received an ultimatum from Germany intimating that unless German prisoners of war were removed from dangerous positions near the firing line Germany would, as a reprisal, employ British and French prisoners of war as working parties in the front line trenches.

"The time given by Germany in this ultimatum was," said Lord Newton, "so short that it was impossible for reply to be received to our communication."

"In that communication both the British and French Governments guaranteed that no German prisoners should be employed nearer than twelve and a half miles from the firing line, conditional, of course, upon Germany giving a similar undertaking."

REEVE BEATS SULLIVAN

In Eleventh Round of a Poor Contest at Holborn.

At the Holborn Stadium yesterday afternoon Lance-Corporal Harry Reeve knocked out Corporal Jim Sullivan in the eleventh round of a twenty rounds boxing contest.

Reeve was generally the aggressor in a poor contest, which at times resolved itself into a prolonged clinch, to the accompaniment of loud cries of "Referee! Reeve!" Reeve was the most to blame, as he used his extra weight to tie to Sullivan, and with his left hooked up under his opponent's arm-pit, he belaboured his ribs with the right.

In the in-fighting, taking only those blows which by the rules of the game are allowed to count, Reeve had the best of it, but many of the thumps he landed on Sullivan's body could not have been reckoned for points if the contest was decided under National Sporting Club rules.

In the open work Sullivan made fairly good use of his left, and now and again shook Reeve up with right hooks. Sometimes Reeve hit straight, and then generally landed, but for the most part he swung left and right, and then generally missed.

Sullivan seemed to be going better as the contest progressed, but in the eleventh round Reeve is said to have landed a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach. I could not see as his curly form was entirely covering Sullivan from my sight.

Sullivan went down, was counted out, and then writhing under the ropes half fell head first off the stage. He was, however, picked up and assisted to his seat still dazed from the effect of the blow.

Great interest attached to the match, and the big hall was well filled. Reeve was favourite, odds of 7 to 4 being laid on him, which lengthened after the first few rounds owing to the unconvincing display given by the loser, who did not seem strong enough to meet the pushing tactics of Reeve. P. J. M.

OTHER BOXING.

At the Ring Louis Ruddick, of Leeds, beat Tom Nicholson in the third round of a twenty-rounds contest, the referee stopping the bout in Ruddick's favour.

At Huxton Baths Dixie Cordeiro was disqualified during the third round for holding in a fifteen-round bout with Young Fox, the bantam-weight champion.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

WAR NATIONAL—9 to 1 1st Yellow Chat, 10 to 1 Eugenet, 10 to 1 Carrig Park, 100 to 5 Temperance, 100 to 8 Sergeant Murphy, 100 to 8 Irish Mail, 25 to 1 Stag's Head.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes anyone look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins, which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts, which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the chemists, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have a furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.



DERRY & TOMS

By Appointment to
H.M.
THE QUEEN.



By Appointment to
H.M.
KING & QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Robes Tailleur

To be seen in our Robe and Costume Salons



The Coat Frock is probably the most practical of modern garments—this one is of fine Saiting Serge in Navy, Bottle, Niggar and Black. The rich floss silk stitching is in self colour or a pretty contrasting shade of beaver. Two deep pockets and such of same material.

39/6



A distinctly individual touch is given to this Model in Putty colour Gaborc by the contrasting note of Navy, Bottle, or Niggar which is introduced on the collar, while a series of unexpected little tucks and stitchings and pleats on both the coat and the new barrel skirt complete an ultra smart toilet.

5 gns.



Robe a la Militaire.—A famous French house has imitatively caught the suggestion of the haversack in the straps and deep collar, while the widely capacious military pockets on both skirt and coat are also a striking feature of this charming model in Duck's Egg colour Gaborc.

8 1/2 gns.



A very practical Suit in Navy, Bottle or Putty or Niggar Gaborc, with numerous charmingly quaint features in the tailoring—note the conservative little pockets edged with tiny buttons—and the very minimum of trimming in the tabs of dull gold braid. This suit is an example of perfect tailoring.

4 1/2 gns.



This is the most wonderful Suit in London, and it has only two virtues, the superb quality of the Putty colour Gaborc, and the simply exquisite tailoring.

45/-



In the new Robe Dept. are some wonderful examples of chic French tailoring. The Frock illustrated is in the palest of Putty Tinted Voids. The low collar, the high waist, the pleated skirt, the heavy floss silk embroideries, the inimitable cut, the superb quality of the cloth—all suggest a 6 gns. model rather than 75/- which is the price of this beautiful and classic garment.

DERRY & TOMS

LOOK OUT FOR MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

NURSES FROM HOLLAND



Mme. van Rappard, in charge of the party of Dutch nurses who have just left London for the western front.

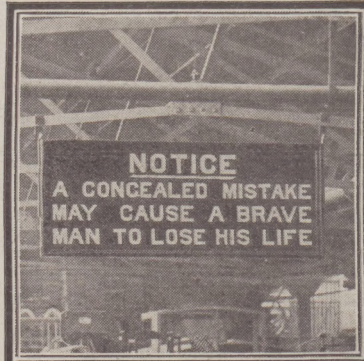
Daily Mirror

BLESSING AN ITALIAN FLAG.



An impressive ceremony which took place near the firing line in the presence of a large number of troops. The altar was erected in the open air.—(Italian official photograph.)

A TIMELY WARNING.



This notice is affixed in a prominent place in an aeroplane factory in England, as a constant reminder to the employees.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.



Reggie and Alan Hargreaves, two brothers, of Bacup, Lancashire, who were wounded at the same moment by the same shell. Both are privates and enlisted together.

WHERE THE CABBAGES WILL BE ENTRENCHED: VOLUNTEERS CULTIVATE HOSPITAL GROUNDS.



Forks are now war weapons just as much as rifles.

The volunteers at Egham were busily engaged during the week in digging up the grounds at the Princess Christian Hospital at Englefield Green, in order that the institution may



The wounded patients watch their labour with interest.

become self-supporting in the matter of vegetables. Their training in trench digging stood them in good stead.

OVERSEAS MEN AMONG THE MISSING—SOLDIERS AND A SAILOR OF WHOM NEWS IS SOUGHT.



Lee-Cpl. G. N. E. Pedler (S.A. Force). Write to Mrs. Cook, 7, Harley-terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



Pte. Albert Clark (Welsh Regt.). Write to Mrs. D. Todd, at 19, St. Gabriel-street, London, E.E.



Capt. Stanhope Douglas-William (South Staffs. Regt.). Write to Morley Rectory, Wymondham.



2nd-Lieut. R. H. Pepper (Royal Irish Fusiliers). Write to Mrs. Pepper, at Hoples, Portrush, Ireland.



Pte. Harrison (Sherwood Foresters). Write Miss Hallam, 119, St. Ann's Well-road, Nottingham.



Pte. C. Coleman (R.N.D.). Write to Miss Florence Coleman, at 50, Harvey-road, Ilford, Essex.



Lee-Cpl. E. Miller (R.W. Surrey). Write to Mrs. Miller, at 101, Tamworth-road, West Croydon.



A. H. Morpeth (Austrian Force). Write to Mr. J. C. Lyell, at 113, Great Portland-street, London, W.